

Feb. 25th. 1944

Dear Gg.

Am in receipt of your v/v0
and v/vv letters, and you still
seem to be doing well. I'm glad
you're so well liked, and that your
efforts aren't going unnoticed. I've
always known it would be just
that way.

I guess by now you know
which way the fates have
deceeed my case. I think perhaps
it was for the best, so there's
nothing to do now but plug along.

Fran and I are both
well, and we plan on going
to L.A. and Hollyweod tomorrow.
If only the weather will settle
down, and decide to stay as
nice as it is right now.

My arm and forearm are
so stiff that I can hardly write.

This morning I played six games
of handball (x wall) with my
C.O. It was a foursome, and I
wound up with a lousy fracture,
which necessitated my doing all
the work. It sure felt good to
be on the court again, after so
long a layoff. I'm looking
forward to the both of doing a
little of this, should we ever
get another chance.

Heard direct from Mom
and Pop yesterday, in their own
faint handwriting, and all seems
OK. with them. — Hoping

things still breaking your way —
With a handshake always in mind
Bob

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